

HAYDEN'S DEATH IS A MYSTERY.

Railroad Official's Body Found in His Yard.

WAS KILLED BY A FALL.

He Had Brooded Over His Son's Arrest for Serious Crime.

The mystery surrounding the death of Second Vice-President John C. Hayden, of the New York Central Railroad, who was killed by a fall from the fourth floor window of his residence, 27 West Seventy-sixth street, may never be cleared up. The family say the fall was accidental.

Those friends of Mr. Hayden fear he committed suicide. They say that in addition to being in a nervous condition he was grieving over the scandal connected with his favorite son, John P. Hayden, who was arrested some weeks ago for ill-treating a twelve-year-old girl. The young man is now in Europe.

Mr. Hayden, it is said, never recovered from the shock following his son's arrest. It aggravated the heart trouble, from which he suffered, and he was subject to swooning spells and dizziness. He was so nervous that he did not like to be left alone.

For this reason Mrs. Hayden accompanied him last night when, after dinner, he went to his room on the fourth floor of his handsome home. Mrs. Hayden then went downstairs.

A few minutes later Bessie Lynch and Nellie Ryan, two servants, who were in the kitchen, were startled by the sound of a body falling in the yard.

They ran to the rear door. In the light from the kitchen they saw Mr. Hayden lying in a heap on the concrete pavement. Screaming, the girls ran into the house.

A butcher boy who was passing was hurried to the office of Dr. Jones at 292 West Seventy-fourth street.

A servant telephoned for Dr. H. G. Myers, of 175 West Twenty-third street, and Dr. Charles G. Kelley, of 115 West Twenty-third street, the family physicians, were also summoned.

Dr. Jones pronounced Mr. Hayden dead. He had struck on his head and one of his shoulders, smashing his skull in one place.

The case was reported to the police and after an investigation was made that Mr. Hayden had jumped or fell from the window.

Dr. Jones made this statement: "Mr. Hayden has been under medical care for some time for heart disease and cardiac dyspnea. He was subject to shortness of breath, and it is supposed that during one of these attacks he raised the window and lost his balance."

Mr. Hayden was sixty-two years old, was born in Boston and raised in New York. He was a bachelor and had no children.

Many Notables on Lucania.

Big Cunarder Reaches Port After Rather Rough Trip.

The steamship Lucania arrived at her dock at 10 o'clock this morning after a trip of 5 days 21 hours 49 minutes. She carried 475 passengers in all. On her trip across she encountered some rough weather, but no severe storms.

Among her passengers were Winston Churchill, The World's correspondent in the Boer war; Lord Thurlow, Gen. Kitchener, who came to succeed Col. Arthur Lee as Military Attaché at the British Embassy in Washington. Col. Lee has just been elected to Parliament.

Major John B. Fassett, who fought with the Boers, was also on board. C. Hudson Chambers, the playwright, said he was here to confer with Charles Frohman on a new play which he has just written.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Warriner were met at the dock by ex-Judge John P. Dillon, who is the father of Mrs. Warriner.

There were two Cubans on board who have been abroad trying to interest European capital in the development of the Cienfuegos, Cuba, and the Matanzas and Matanzas Railroad of Cuba, and the Western and Cuban Central Railroad. While they would not admit that they had met with success, it is thought that they have interested Mr. William Van Horn, a rich English peer.

Death Cure for Illness.

Burnap Shot Himself While His Wife Was Away.

T. C. Burnap, sixty-six years old, shot himself in the head with a large revolver at his home, No. 116 Lafayette avenue, Brooklyn, to-day.

He was a retired dry-goods merchant, and lived alone with his wife. His wife was in Boston visiting a married daughter, who lives there, for a few days, and Mr. Burnap was alone with a servant, who found him immediately after he fired the shot into his head.

Dr. Swann, who lives next door, was called in, but found that the wound had been almost instantaneously fatal. He said that if health had probably led the old merchant to kill himself, he had been suffering from an ailment for six months past.

The coroner was notified. Mr. Burnap was a member of the firm of Faulkner & Pugh, wholesale dry goods merchants at 500 North street, Manhattan. Others of the firm say that Mr. Burnap had been acting strangely for the past fortnight. They cannot account for his suicide, except on the theory that his illness and age had weakened his mind.

The dead merchant left no letters or far as could be found. Besides his widow and one married daughter, he leaves an unmarried daughter, who is in Boston at present.

Mr. Burnap's home is one of the finest houses in an aristocratic section of Brooklyn. Mr. Burnap is believed to have left a good fortune.

LOVER WAITS AND WINS FAIR BRIDE.



MISS NOLA G. PAULINE GORDON. Miss Gordon, Authoress, Declines in Letter, Then Marries Harry Theall.

"All things come to him who waits." The poet and philosopher has said it, and the man of business and the man of sentiment have demonstrated its practicability.

Thus it is that the marriage of Miss Nola G. Pauline Gordon, the beautiful young authoress, of Mattawan, and Harry L. Theall, the dock agent of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, at Fishkill Landing, was announced yesterday.

The wedding has been stormy. But to-day the young man smiles blandly and says: "Boys, shake. I've got the girl." It was four years since young Theall was being congratulated by the smart set about Fishkill Landing on his engagement with Miss Gordon.

Everything progressed smoothly until one day in October, 1899, when the young man read in the Fishkill Herald an open letter from Miss Nola to his mother notifying her that the writer had broken off the engagement with Harry. In the letter the young lady said: "I found ere it became too late that Mr. Theall scarcely reached my standard of affinity, socially or as a gentleman of firm, true principles."

In another open letter to the newspaper she wrote: "I have learned he is not all he represented himself. I have good reasons for this declaration, but will not announce them. Miss Gordon's husband should be a man of high moral and literary attainments, and I must say she has never yet met one who is none."

These letters were the first intimation Theall had that the engagement was off. To all interviewers he remained discreetly silent. He was hiding his time.

Stopped This Man. About a year ago Miss Gordon created quite a sensation at Fishkill Landing by entering Weeks' stationery store and snapping James Langman, a strapping young fellow, in the face. "You struck me," she said, as she struck him.

The young man was talking with half a dozen friends, and so completely did he lose his head that he took it almost too long to get a license for them. He further said that they were under a spell and muzzled and he did not know the matter. It being a case for the court, appeared for young Nolan. He declared that Miss Helen was at fault in being the dogs in the city.

Magistrate Pool said: "This boy will be disgraced for life. There is not only grounds for a civil action, but also there is grounds for a criminal action. You were certainly wrong in bringing force and unlicensed dogs into this city."

After a consultation the parents of young Nolan and Helen refused to make a complaint against Miss Helen, and Magistrate Pool ordered a complaint against her for bringing unlicensed dogs into the city. Her brother is Frank Helen, of 196 Franklin avenue, the Bronx, who was the fair owner of the dogs in question.

SMOKE MADE DOGS ANGRY.

Bit a Boy, and Their Mistress Was Fined by Magistrate.

Miss Annie Helen, of Uniontown, N. Y., desired to-day that leading unlicensed dogs about in public places is disorderly conduct. On this charge she was fined \$10 by Magistrate Pool. She had only \$5, and the Magistrate sent her back to a cell while her brother returned home to get the additional \$5.

Miss Helen brought the dogs to New York to sell. They required such high priced cuts of meat that the family had to content themselves with cheaper food. The owner went to the Grand Central Station this morning by appointment, she says, to show the dogs to Frederick Vanderhill, who has a penchant for dogs of extra breed. Mr. Vanderhill was not at his office when she called. While waiting for him her troubles for the day began.

The dogs, still unlicensed, are at the home of the S. P. C. A. Frank Nolan, a nephew, of 501 Third avenue, who blew cigarette smoke in the face of one of the dogs, has also been arrested. The dogs are now in a secure condition.

Doorman Golden, of the Grand Central station, has a lacerated nose. One of the dogs made it on white Golden was examining the dog collar for a license stamp.

The penalty for an unlicensed dog in New York is \$10.

SAYS JEFFRIES WOODED BY WIRE.

Dorothy Drew Will Produce Pugilist's Ardent Telegrams.

FIGHTER STANDS FIRM.

Won't Withdraw Statement that He Hadn't Promised to Wed.

Miss Dorothy Drew today opened her correspondence with a bundle of telegrams which are to be used in her suit for \$20,000 for breach of promise at Mr. Jeffries does not withdraw his recent public statement that he had not asked the actress to marry him.

Among the telegrams Miss Drew asserts that for two months at least the pugilist was ardent in his pursuit of her and that his anxiety to have her marry him and to be in constant communication with her was so great that he could not wait for the mails but kept the wires warm with his messages.

The telegrams naturally do not contain much love sentiment. This was reserved, Miss Drew says, for the letters which came later and which will be among the exhibits in the suit.

Among the telegrams she introduced the first will be one dated Savannah, Ga., Nov. 11. It reads as follows: "Miss Dorothy Drew, New York City. I have arranged for your arrival at March 10th. I will be there to meet you. I will be sure and meet you on 2nd train. Wire me when you leave." JIM.

To days later he sent this from the same place: "Miss Dorothy Drew, Savannah, Ga. I will meet you at 11.45." JIM.

Miss Drew says she met him as he departed, but the following week Jeffries seems to have been an anxious man to see the actress for on Nov. 9 he wired her at Baltimore this message: "Miss Dorothy Drew, Baltimore, Md. I will meet you at Philadelphia. I will meet you at 11.45." JIM.

Next day before Miss Drew arrived Jeffries sent this dispatch: "Miss Dorothy Drew, Baltimore, Md. I will be sure and meet you on 2nd train. Wire me when you leave." JIM.

The week after, while Miss Drew was in Springfield, Mass., this telegram reached her: "Miss Dorothy Drew, Springfield, Mass. I have arranged for your arrival at March 10th. I will be there to meet you. I will be sure and meet you on 2nd train. Wire me when you leave." JIM.

Now you are feeling well. Will meet you at 11.45. JIM.

There was a full in the telegrams sent, which Miss Drew declares was due to the pugilist taking to the mails and proper medium for love communication.

But on Nov. 29 he burst into telegrams prose once more in this dispatch: "Miss Dorothy Drew, New York City. I will meet you at 11.45. JIM."

Other messages and various meetings, which occurred at them, will be testified to in court, it is said.

TALENTED MRS. OSBORN NOW SEEKS A SEPARATION.



Mrs. Robt. Osborne.

Inventor of Waldorf Dramatic Breakfasts to End Marriage Tie.

Mr. Robert A. Osborne has a new design.

As a general thing, such an announcement as that would mean that New York society was to be treated to a novel means of diversion; that some noted actress was to be favored with a fresh gown creation; or that another original scheme in interior house decoration was to be demonstrated. It happens that none of these things is now intended.

Mrs. Osborne's latest design is that of securing a legal separation from her husband.

Robert A. Osborne is the son of the late John Osborne, a wealthy New Yorker and a prominent member of the city until about a year ago, when he went into bankruptcy proceedings. He was fond of good living, but lived easily of routine.

For a number of years it has been an open secret among the friends of the family that Mrs. Osborne had been a flirtatious woman and that she was to be separated from her husband. Therefore the news that she is to seek a separation has brought no surprise to society circles.

NEW DUKE IS COMING: NEWCASTLE A CHURCHMAN.



His Grace, a Pronounced Ritualist, Will Confer with Clergy Here.

The Duke is coming! Hail to the Duke! Or get a hail ready, anyway, for His Grace of Newcastle is coming to New York to be even now on route. So the city that has just known the lightness of the Duke's visit to the city is now the Duke of Newcastle is coming to New York to be even now on route.

Newcastle has visited America several times in recent years. He was over here in the present year. But he is also an interesting personage and a well-known figure.

Like Manchester, this Duke who is coming is a young man. Unlike Manchester, he has vast unnumbered estates and is a man of settled and sober interests. He has a hobby, which is the High Church in its extreme, and it is this hobby which brings him to the United States now. He comes to consult the celebrated ritualist, Mr. J. H. W. W.

In some ways Newcastle is a pathetic figure. Physically he has suffered since early childhood from the effects of an accident and the contributory negligence of a nurse. Athletes and most of their related activities have thus been barred to him and he has acquired characteristics which have been called "efficiency."

Nevertheless, the Duke has found opportunities to cultivate several cheerful hobbies, including those of photography, fishing and animal study. One of his boxes brought to New York after a trip westward in the summer of 1899 contained a large and large squirrel.

The Duke has practiced his picture-taking in America. In England he has practiced it in the most elaborate manner. He has built for him a sort of picture house, which he has made tours of England with his photographic outfit.

Newcastle is now thirty-two years of age. He is the seventh son of his father and is also the Duke of Newcastle. He is the Duke of Newcastle. He is the Duke of Newcastle.

The Duke is small in stature, but has a well-shaped head, jet black hair and blue, calm, contemplative eyes. He is a well-known figure.

His Grace, a Pronounced Ritualist, Will Confer with Clergy Here.

Members of the aristocratic congregation of the Episcopal Church of the Attentive, at Fifth Avenue and Seventeenth street, Brooklyn, are divided to-day over the propriety of a cake walk, a sporting contest and the raffle of game cocks, which were features of the thirty-sixth annual fair of the congregation.

The fair was held in the chapel. The rector of the church is Rev. E. Homer Wellman, and he assisted in getting out the fair bulletin. To him is credited the authorship of "A Cat Tale," which is as follows:

A cat came striding to my door, And after this she did not know her. We were not, and she did not know her. She stretched and yawned and yawned. She stretched and yawned and yawned.

The last I saw of her head, She was a fine sight to the eye. We were not, and she did not know her. We were not, and she did not know her.

The cat was left for some unknown, And she could tell where he had been. We were not, and she did not know her. We were not, and she did not know her.

I'll be to chase him, says the cat, And she will tell where he had been. We were not, and she did not know her. We were not, and she did not know her.

The introductory cake walk performance were children. They were followed by a variety of games, and a raffle of game cocks, which were features of the thirty-sixth annual fair of the congregation.

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A CRY FOR HELP.

Result of a Prompt Reply.—Two Letters from Mrs. Watson, Published by Special Permission.—For Women's Eyes Only.

March 15, 1899.

To MRS. PINKHAM, Lynn, Mass.:

"Dear Madam—I am suffering from inflammation of the ovaries and womb, and have been for eighteen months. I have a continual pain and soreness in my back and side. I am only free from pain when lying down, or sitting in an easy chair. When I stand I suffer with severe pain in my side and back. I believe my troubles were caused by overwork and lifting some years ago.

"Life is a drag to me, and I sometimes feel like giving up ever being a well woman; have become careless and unconcerned about everything. I am in bed now. I have had several doctors, but they did me but little good.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been recommended to me by a friend, and I have made up my mind to give it a fair trial.

"I write this letter with the hope of hearing from you in regard to my case."—Mrs. S. J. Watson, Hampton, Va.



November 27, 1899.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham—I feel it my duty to acknowledge to you the benefit that your advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have done for me.

"I had been suffering with female troubles for some time, could walk but a short distance, had terrible bearing down pains in lower part of my bowels, backache, and pain in ovary. I used your medicine for four months and was so much better that I could walk three times the distance that I could before.

"I am to-day in better health than I have been for more than two years, and I know it is all due to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I recommend your advice and medicine to all women who suffer."—Mrs. S. J. Watson, Hampton, Va.

This is positive proof that Mrs. Pinkham is more competent to advise sick women than any other person. Write her. It costs you nothing.

\$5000 REWARD.—We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, Mass., \$5000, which will be paid to any person who can find the above named individual letters are not genuine, or were published without obtaining the writer's special permission. LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

Piles No cutting, book form, 1.40c. Current, 1.40c. Dr. Chamberlain, 107 East 23d St. N. Y.

For Sale. CREDIT. 1114 THIRD AVE., BET. 60th & 61st STS. OPEN EVENING SAT. 6-8.

FURS. All kinds of Fur Garments. Suits, coats, etc. 1114 THIRD AVE., BET. 60th & 61st STS. OPEN EVENING SAT. 6-8.

CREDIT. Ladies' and Gents' Clothing. 1114 THIRD AVE., BET. 60th & 61st STS. OPEN EVENING SAT. 6-8.

What's the Answer? 1114 THIRD AVE., BET. 60th & 61st STS. OPEN EVENING SAT. 6-8.

BRILLIANTLY ILLUSTRATED. New Form—New Ideas—More Pages—More Pictures—Sixteen Pages—Twelve of the Sixteen in Color.

What's the Answer? 1114 THIRD AVE., BET. 60th & 61st STS. OPEN EVENING SAT. 6-8.

LABOR NOTES. President William Klein, of the Journeymen Bricklayers and Masons' International Union, has been elected by the Union No. 2 to represent it at the convention of the International Union to be held in Milwaukee next month.

A special meeting of \$1.50 payable on February 1, 1901, has been called by the Journeymen Bricklayers and Masons' International Union, No. 2, of the International Union to be held in Milwaukee next month.

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